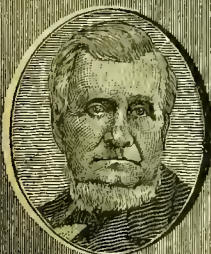




JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN
ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE

Published Semi-Monthly
Designed Expressly for the
Education & Elevation
of the Young



GEORGE Q. CANNON,
EDITOR.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

Ulsen Magnus

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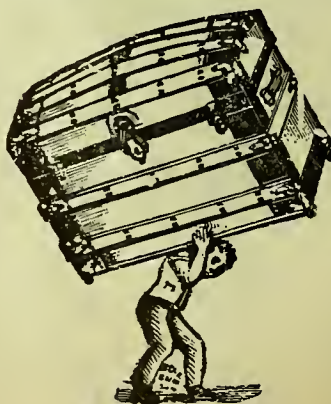
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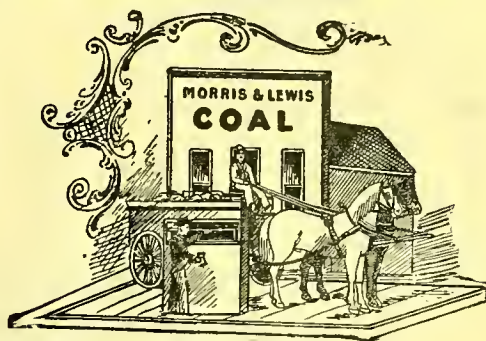


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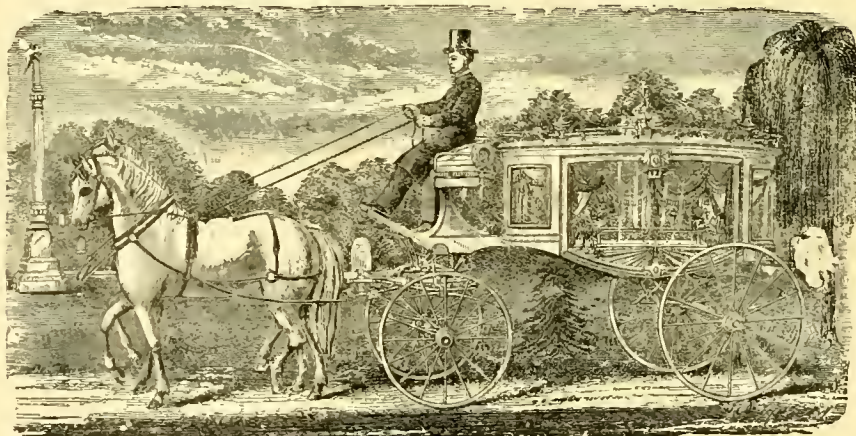
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"My little daughter has suffered from catarrh for some time. The first we noticed of her trouble was a cold in her head; then she had what the doctors call Catarrhal Fever. One attack would follow another so quickly that it began to undermine her health. Her appetite began to fail and she would complain of feeling very tired and miserable. Her nose would stop up so bad that often she would have to breathe through her mouth. Upon the slightest exposure to cold, she would experience chilly sensations. Such was her condition when I consulted Dr. G. W. Shores. He assured me that she could be cured thoroughly and without discomfort, and I concluded to try his treatment, and, in a word, she began to improve almost immediately and has continued to improve in every way ever since and is now almost a different girl, eating, breathing and sleeping like a healthy, growing girl should.

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Mrs. C. M. Johansen, of Coalville, Utah, while in the city during conference, called on Dr. Shores to renew old acquaintance and gives the following for publication: "Some time ago I was treated by Dr. G. W. Shores and associates for polypus in my nostril. The polypus had grown to such a size as to be very painful and uncomfortable and greatly retarded my breathing. Dr. Shores entirely removed all traces of it in a painless operation, and there has been no signs of it returning since. I would have died if it had not been for Dr. Shores.

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VOL. XXXI.

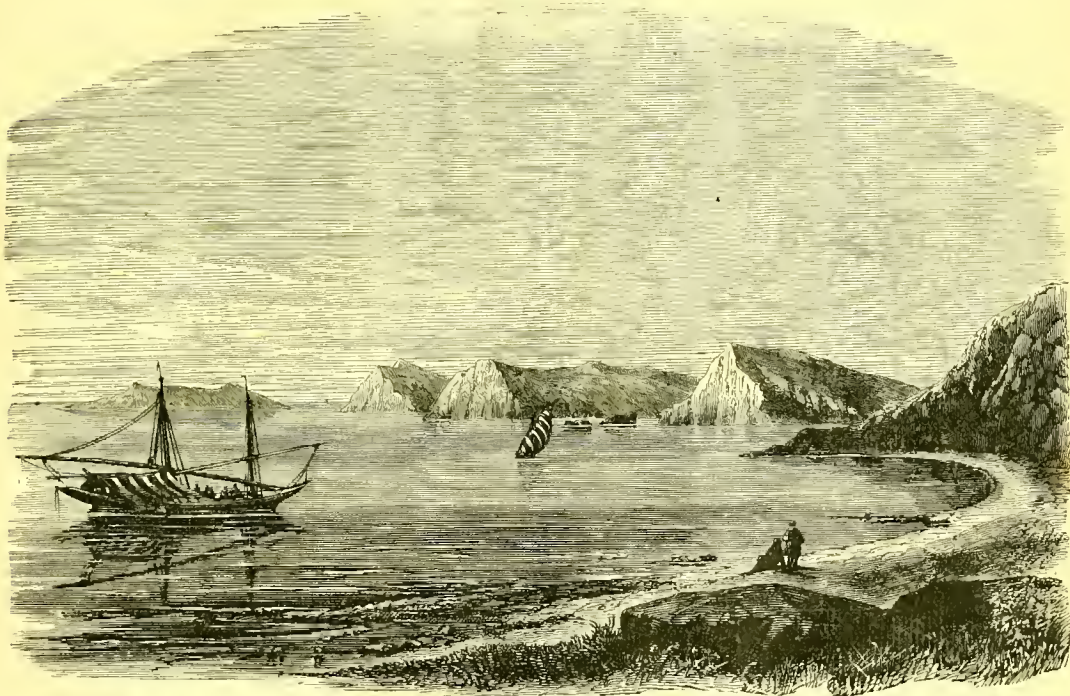
SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 1, 1896.

No. 9.

CRETE, OR CANDIA.

Long before the birth of Christianity through the life, labors and death of the world's Redeemer, the most advanced nations of the earth worshiped a mul-

though not a very profitable study—what is acknowledged to be a myth, and from its own nature is seen to be absurdly untrue, cannot be deemed a desirable matter of study with those who have no



FAIR HAVENS, CRETE.

tiplicity of gods, having, if not a new one for each month, at least a distinct deity for almost every incident and avocation of life. The attributes, the worship and the so-called history of these various deities make an interesting

time to waste. We shall only say further, therefore, with reference to this matter, that Zeus, the greatest of all the gods in the Grecian mythology, was reputed to have not only been born but also to have died and been buried on one of the

mountain tops of the island on part of the coast of which the artist has shown in the accompanying picture.

Crete, or Candia, is the island of which we speak. It is about 160 miles long, with a greatest width of 35 miles, which is frequently narrowed down to 10 or 12. It has some surprisingly high peaks, considering its size, and is generally mountainous in character. As every school-boy knows, it is the most southerly portion of Europe, and one of the largest islands in the Mediterranean Sea. Its position is one of peculiar geographical importance; for if you will turn to a map or atlas you will observe that it forms the natural limit between the Archipelago and the Mediterranean, as well as a chief line of natural connection between the southern shores of Europe and Asia. The ancient Cretans were a sea-faring race, as island inhabitants are generally apt to be; and they were also distinguished in the beginning of authentic history by their admirable government and system of laws. Though they maintained their independence during many hundred years of Persian and Macedonian conquest of neighboring states, the Cretans cut no great figure in the Greek history of the period. At length, about seventy years before the birth of Christ, a Roman general conquered and annexed the island; afterwards it passed to the control of the eastern or Byzantine empire, whose headquarters were at Constantinople. Then for a time the Saracens possessed it, but it was recovered, and when a later division of spoils was made among the princes of the Crusaders, this island fell to one of them, who sold it to the Venetians. From the latter people the Turks won it after a prolonged struggle, the siege of the city of Candia being the longest in history—twenty years.

The islands which are found around the coasts of Crete are mostly mere rocks, such as are shown in the picture. There is one, however, Gavdo, or Claudia as it was anciently known, which is about five miles by three in size, and was the see of a bishop in the Middle Ages. This island is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, which may account for the sanctity which later attached to it. The mountainous character of the island of Crete renders its coast broken and varied. There are many rugged and lofty promontories, and projecting capes and headlands making numerous bays and harbors. The southern coast has fewer of these than the other coasts, for it has but one well-sheltered though small bay, still called Kaloi Limenes, or The Fair Havens, under which name it is mentioned in the voyage of St. Paul. This is the scene presented in our illustration.

Fruits grow luxuriantly on the island, both those of the temperate and the semi-tropical zones. Excellent woods also form an important element of commerce; but the fame of the Cretan wine has departed, along with many other evidences of former progress and energy. The island is singularly free from serpents of all kinds, a privilege popularly ascribed to Titus, the companion of Paul, who, according to tradition, was the first bishop of the country. *J. C.*

THE man who does no good with his money helps the devil every time he puts a dollar in his pocket.

THE polite man does a larger and safer business on a smaller capital than any one else.

A WISE man cannot leave a better legacy to the world than a well educated family.

O'SLUTHERAM'S PIG.

On the 1st day of May, 1866, in the old Catholic cemetery in B——, County Donegal, Ireland, was quietly laid to rest all that was mortal of poor Jerry O'Slutheram. Donegal could boast of wealthier men than he, but of few more honest and conscientious.

Jerry's life, from the cradle, had been one of direst poverty. He knew the meaning of the term "adversity" better than any other word in the dictionary. I don't believe the poor man had ever eaten a dozen square meals in his life; and the pale, pinched faces and half-clad bodies of his wife and children were illustrations in a tale of misery which very few would care to read.

Ten acres of miserable, rocky land, a half-starved cow, a horse, a pig, and a dozen chickens comprised Jerry O'Slutheram's farm and live stock. I often advised him to sell out; but he would never agree with my suggestions. The place had descended to him from his great-great-grandfather, and on this account Jerry refused to move.

A few years before Jerry's death a most devastating blight swept over the country, in consequence of which the potato crop—the chief article of diet of the Irish peasantry—was entirely destroyed.

Jerry O'Slutheram had but little to blight; but what little he had went the way of all the rest.

The following winter his cow died, and it was only through the generosity of neighbors that the poor horse was saved from starvation.

What made matters worse, Jerry had fallen behind in his rent, and eviction now began to stare him in the face. Having completed my day's labors, I strolled into Jerry's cabin one evening to have a chat with him. He was sitting in

the corner supping a bowl of dry, oat-meal porridge, while half-a-dozen children were gathered around a large pot, in the center of the floor, fighting for the last spoonful of the stirabout.

We had been talking about half an hour when the landlord's agent came in.

"Well, Jerry," he commenced abruptly, "what about the rent?"

Jerry looked up at him appealingly.

"Oim sorry, agent, to hev put ye to the throuble av comin, an' thin to hev nothin fur ye. I s'pose yer toired listenin' to that ould story; but, agent, it's not in me power to pay me rint this year."

"You have got nothing for me, you say. Well, I have received instructions from Lord C—— to serve you with a notice to quit. It's not a pleasant duty to me, O'Slutheram; but if I didn't do it, there are plenty of men ready to take my place. I'll stay proceedings, however, for a week, and if you can raise half of the rent by that time, I'll try and persuade the master to forgive you the balance, for I know this has been a hard year on the farmers."

"There is but wan way, agent, in which it wud be possible fur me to raise a little money, an' that is to sell me pig. She shud bring me about four pounds—one-fourth av the rint—an' oim willin', agent, to part wid her in ordher to pay me honest debt."

"Better to part with the pig, Jerry," replied the agent, "than to part with the roof that covers you."

"Well," said Jerry, "there will be a fair held in the town nixt Widinsday, an' oi'll sell the pig an' turn what money she brings over to ye the followin' mornin'."

"Very well, Jerry," said the agent, "I can depend upon seeing you at the office next Thursday".

"Ye ken, agent. Good evenin'."

The morning of the fair came, and about nine o'clock Jerry started off with the pig. In any other country but Ireland the spectacle would have created some amusement; but such scenes occur so often in that country, that the people paid but little attention to Jerry and his three hundred weight of live pork. Jerry held in his left hand a straw rope, which he had fastened round one of the hind legs of the pig, while in his right a long whip served to keep his spirited beast under control.

Jerry had been in the fair about an hour, when there arose a cry, "Look out! Look out!" An infuriated bull had broken away from its owner, and was coming tearing down the street at a maddened pace. The people ran hither and thither, but before poor Jerry could get out of its way, the bull had lifted him upon its horns and made him turn a double somersault in the air.

Lucky for him, Jerry came down in a large mud heap, which the scavengers had swept up early in the morning, and was not much hurt. But the pig! Where was she?

Mistress Pork, finding no "strings" upon her, scampered around in search of something to eat. Coming across some green cabbage leaves, she hastily devoured them, when she was caught and restored to her owner.

Evening came and found the pig unsold, and with a heavy heart poor Jerry turned his face homeward.

About midnight I was awakened by a loud rapping at our front door, and upon inquiring who was there, I received the following answer:

"Fur the love av hivins, Michael, git up. The pig is sufferin' terribly, an' it appears to me as she'll niver see the loight av another day."

I dressed partly and hurried out. Up-

on a straw bed near the fireplace lay the pig, apparently in great agony. I was looked upon by the people of B—as being somewhat of a veterinary surgeon; but I'll be blessed if I could make out the nature of that pig's ailment. I administered some medicine, but I might as well have poured water over a duck's back.

The pig grew worse every minute, and finally I suggested to Jerry that, in order to "cure" her he would have to kill her.

Jerry hated to do this; but seeing there was no other remedy, he and his eldest boy held the pig's legs while I drew a razor across her throat. I stayed and helped Jerry dress her, and just as we were cutting her open what should roll out upon the floor but a green silk purse—which the pig must have picked up among the green cabbage leaves she had found the morning before in the market-place. The cause of the animal's sickness was then revealed.

Mrs. O'Slutheram picked up the purse and opened it, and beheld to her great delight nine bright sovereigns.

"You're a rich man, Jerry," I said. "Nine sovereigns, and the pig besides."

"Oim not rich," said Jerry; "oim poorer than ivir. I hev lost me pig."

"Yes, but you have found nine guineas."

"The money does not belong to me," he replied, solemnly. "I hev found it, 'tis throe; but me duty now is to foind the owner an' restore it to him."

"You're a fool, O'Slutheram, I replied, a little angry. You deserve to be poor. Providence put that money in your way. The man who lost it perhaps will never miss the loss. I would keep it if I were you."

"No," he answered, manfully, "oi'll not kape it. Providence may hev put that money in me way; but Providence

never intendid me to be dishonest. Oi'll advertise for the owner."

And sure enough he did advertise. The owner was found. He was O'Slutheram's landlord, who, when he beheld Jerry's honesty, would not take a penny of the money, and forgave him the rent besides.

This is my moral, and with it I close:
 Hope on, though fortune against you goes;
 If you want money, don't sigh or cry for it;
 It will come in good time, though the pig were to die for it."

Wm. A. Morton.

SHORT STORIES, SKETCHES, ETC.

Bee's Mirror.

"Run up to your room, Beatrice, and see what a beautiful present your papa has brought you."

"Oh, what is it?" cried Bee, running breathlessly up stairs. Bee had just come home from school and did not know that a surprise was in store for her. When she reached her cozy, well-furnished room, she raised her hands and opened her eyes wide with mingled surprise and delight. "Well, if it isn't a dresser!" she exclaimed with glee. "How handsome it is! Walnut finish, too! and such beautiful carvings! What a large mirror. She stood before the glass and looked at her image. As she did so, her bright smile was suddenly changed to a frown of displeasure. When she went down into the sitting-room where her aunt was sewing, there was a hot flush on her face.

"Why, what is the matter, Bee?" asked her aunt, with the same anxiety. "Aren't you pleased with your gift?"

"It's all very nice except the mirror," said Bee, her face growing redder.

"Isn't the mirror true? It seemed al-

most a perfect reflection when I looked into it."

"It isn't though," declared Bee. "It makes me look a real fright. It shows freckles on my face and draws my mouth as large as an ogre's." Bee was angry, and so she exaggerated. "It makes my ears look as long as a—a rabbit's. Ugh, it makes me look horrid."

"Well, I am surprised. I must go up and examine the glass."

They went up to Bee's room together, and standing before the mirror looked at their images reflected from its clear, smooth surface, making them appear almost as natural as life.

"Why, my dear, it is a perfect reflection. Nothing could be more life-like," said Mrs. Erickson, looking down at her niece in surprise. "What fault have you to find with it?"

"Do you call that a likeness of me?" asked Bee, scornfully. "Why yes, my dear, it is."

"But see those freckles."

"The glass is so true that it shows them more plainly: but that is not the fault of the mirror."

"Our old glass never made them show like that," pouted Bee.

"No, I suppose not; but then, our old glass never was a very good one."

"I hate such a mirror," declared Bee, turning away pettishly.

"Why, child, you do not want a mirror to represent you different from what you are, do you? You are not a homely girl, and need not be ashamed of your face; but it would be vain to want a glass that would reflect more beauty than you possess.

"You want a mirror that speaks the truth."

Bee looked down at the carpet, in deep thought for a young girl, and presently looked up with a changed countenance.

"You are right, aunty. I would rather have a mirror that reflects the truth." "I am glad to hear you say so. Never form an opinion of yourself that is not based on real facts."

Bee said no more; but mentally resolved to profit by the lesson she had learned. It is not always easy to apply general principles to every experience in life. It is the small things that make the trouble, and so Bee found it a day or two later when reading her Bible. Suddenly she closed it, and threw it on the table, with such an impatient gesture that it drew her aunty's attention.

"You look as if your reading hadn't pleased you," Mrs. Erickson remarked, after looking at Bee's somber face.

"The Bible doesn't always suit me," Bee faltered. "In fact, it seems quite disagreeable sometimes."

"I am pained to hear you say so; but, of course, I would rather have you speak frankly of such things than to brood over them secretly. Will you tell me why you feel so bad about the Bible?"

"Because it makes me feel that I am so bad, so wicked."

"Perhaps that is not the fault of the Bible."

"Why not?" Bee's eyes almost flashed.

"Do you remember our conversation about the new mirror the other day?"

The girl was silent for a moment, not knowing whether to be angry or not. Presently her face brightened.

"Oh, you mean, aunty, that the Bible is a looking-glass, in which we see ourselves as we really are?" she half-asserted and half-inquired.

"Yes, that is my meaning; and the Bible never flatters us any more than an excellent, truth-telling mirror does. It reflects our hearts faithfully. So we ought not to find fault with the Bible, but mend our ways."

I see," returned Bee,, thoughtfully, and she never forgot her aunty's little "mirror sermon," as she called it.

Ellie Morrison.

The Dog Thor.

Many years ago there lived in a little cottage near the sea shore a widow and her son. The boy's name was Daniel. He was a very obedient child, and their home seemed almost a perfect little heaven.

Daniel had for a long time wished for a dog; but his mother was poor and unable to buy anything for the amusement of her child, much to her sorrow.

One stormy evening, as the boy and his mother were sitting by the fireplace, they heard a scratching noise at the door. The widow went to see what was there, thinking some weary traveler had lost his way and wanted shelter. But when she opened the door what do you think she saw?

It was a weary traveler, to be sure but not such as she expected, for in came a young, black dog. It was so pleased to find shelter that it jumped around wagging its tail, and throwing mud all over the room.

Daniel's mother always kept her home neat and tidy, and to have a dog come in and throw mud all over the carpet raised her housekeeping ire. She at once took the broom to drive out the intruder; but the pup had evidently seen the like before, for he seemed well acquainted with what the broomstick meant. He crawled into every nook in the room, all to no avail; so he had to seek refuge at last in the furthest corner under the bed.

Daniel pleaded to let the dog remain.

It was too stormy, he said, to drive it out tonight. His mother consented; but it must come out and have the mud re

moved from it. Daniel accordingly gave the little tramp a warm bath, after which it lay before the fire drying its glossy black coat.

Next day the dog was advertised, but no one ever claimed it. Daniel named it Thor, and the two became very much attached to each other. The widow felt quite safe when Thor was with Daniel.

Years passed by. Daniel had grown into his teens, and Thor had grown to be a large Newfoundland, the pride of the village. The dog was known for miles along the coast, for he had saved a number of lives. Daniel and his mother had come to the belief that they could not do without Thor.

When Daniel was fourteen years old he left his fishing boats, and took service as sailor on his Uncle Jacob's ship; for he had now become large enough to trust himself farther out on the mighty ocean. The day that he was to set sail had arrived, and he bade his mother and Thor farewell with tears. His mother stood on the shore watching until the last vestige of the ship was out of sight. She then returned to her home, feeling very sad, but consoled herself by thinking she would at least have Thor for companionship and protection.

But that afternoon Thor was missing and was nowhere to be found. Where could he be? The widow was all alone now, and a mile away from her nearest neighbor; but she put her trust in God, and at nights would sit gazing into the fire and thinking of Daniel and Thor. If only the dog had been with her darling boy!

Weeks passed and nothing was heard of Thor. A letter was received from Daniel. His first chance to mail one was from Holland. He stated that Thor was with him; for when they had sailed several leagues from land a large dog

was seen coming toward the ship. Daniel saw it was Thor, and got the captain to take him, as he was already the favorite of all on board.

Months passed before she heard again from Daniel; but one day a letter came stating that he would be home to spend Christmas and New Year with her.

The day the ship was to arrive was stormy, which made it impossible for them to come to shore. The night lowered dark and tempestuous. Would the vessel weather that rolling sea? All depended upon keeping her in deep water.

The next morning the ship was seen to be sinking. All day it lay there getting lower and lower, yet none dare venture to the rescue. There were only three forms to be seen on board. The crew had evidently taken to the boats and been drowned, for several bodies were washed ashore. Who could the survivors be? It was Daniel, Jacob, and Thor. Daniel was tied to a piece of mast and Thor was laying close at his feet. Jacob was wondering how to get the boy safely home again, a task which seemed utterly impossible now. He was his mother's only child, her only comfort, and ere morning dawned again he must drown with the rest and be swallowed up in the mighty deep. O what could be done, the ship was sinking fast!

Just then an inspiration came to Jacob. Thor had swum farther out than this to catch them. Could he not bring his master safely to land? To stay on board was certain death, which mattered little to the old man, but to the boy, just beginning life—he would risk it!

Jacob loosed Daniel from the mast, and lashing him and the dog together, let them down into the mighty waters. Both struggled bravely to keep their heads above water, but the mighty waves

broke over them. Daniel at length became helpless, but Thor's true heart did not give up until they reached the shore. Amid tears of joy, both the dog and his master were carried to the widow's home, by the strong arms of fishermen. It was feared that Daniel was drowned, but he was at length restored to life. And no eyes looked more anxiously and lovingly into his as he lay on the sofa next morning, than did those of faithful Thor.

Nothing more was ever heard of Uncle Jacob and the ship.

Kate Snydergaard.

HAMBURG'S CHERRY FEAST.

There are perhaps comparatively few readers of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR who have ever seen, or whose parents have ever seen, the city of Hamburg. But many of them know of it, for it is Germany's greatest seaport, one of the most important in Europe and of the whole world. Well, many years ago, the great city of Hamburg was surrounded by a hostile host, whose leader had made many savage threats as to what he would do with any of the inhabitants who might happen to fall into his hands. They had resisted with the stubbornness of despair, merchants and all others having taken their turn in the trenches. Their food was all gone, indeed for many days the people had been living upon the merest morsels, barely enough to hold body and soul together. Early one morning one of the leading merchants was returning wearily to his home after a night spent upon the fortifications. He realized that the end of the struggle was near, for the townspeople were starving, and although the enemy had declared that the obstinate city need expect no mercy, still it was believed that at least the women and children would be spared, while the

men, though surrendering as prisoners, would hardly all be killed; and this prospect was more inviting than to die like rats in a cage. Passing through his pretty garden, this merchant noticed that his cherry trees were covered with ripe fruit, and he bethought him of the pleasure the eating of those cherries would afford the thirsty besiegers; the idea suddenly occurred to him that by means of his fruit he might save his city. To think, in those exciting moments, was to act. He assembled three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with boughs bearing luscious cherries. The city's gates were opened to permit the departure of the strange procession. As they approached the camp of the enemy, the latter suspected some trick and prepared to put the advancing innocents to death in fulfillment of his cruel vow. But when the little ones drew near, and he saw their pale, thin faces, white as their own white robes, he thought of his own children at home, and tears filled his eyes. His soldiers saw his hesitation, and their parched throats were soon being moistened and cooled by the peace-offering which the children brought. Then a mighty shout went up throughout all the camp; and it was known that what the valor of the Hamburgers had failed to accomplish had been done by their kindness and pity. The enemy was conquered; and as an escort to the little victors on their return went wagon loads of provisions for the starving people and an offer of a peace treaty which next day was solemnly signed. During many years afterward the "Feast of the Cherries" was observed by the people of Hamburg on the anniversary of the signing of the treaty. Children dressed in white marched through the streets bearing fruit-laden boughs; but instead of being borne

down with sorrow, and giving their cherries to rough, foreign soldiers, as on the original occasion, they were filled with gladness and joy, and had the pleasure of eating the cherries themselves.

C.

MARGOT.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 245.)

So Margot Blair found her school-girl days at an end and herself accorded all the privileges of a come-out young lady. When the at home day came round again she and Maudie agreed to share the responsibilities between them, and then Margot found that she had no more "young Browns" to put up with, and really enjoyed herself immensely.

And about a week after this, something very unlooked for happened, for Mrs. Blair received a letter. Now, I do not mean to imply that Mrs. Blair was not in the habit of receiving letters, but this was an out-of-the-common letter, and served to set the entire family completely by the ears. For it was from a very old friend of Mrs. Blair's, who wrote, after a silence of many years, as follows:

"My dear Mary: It is many years since I last had the pleasure of hearing from you, and as I chanced to hear of your address a few days ago from a friend, I thought I would write to you and see if you had forgotten me.

"I am, as you perceive, still alive, but in the enjoyment of very indifferent health. I suffer a good deal from rheumatic gout, which is a very wearing and painful complaint, and which I sincerely trust you will never have. I have left my own house and come to live here—("She dates from Ramsgate," Mrs. Blair interpolated)—where I have a nice house and see such people as find me out—chiefly, I fancy, with a view to my last will and testament."

"Horrid old thing," said Gwen, with a sniff.

Mrs. Blair went on reading. "One of my reasons for writing to you is to remind you that I have a sort of an idea that one of your children is my god-child. If she is a nice girl, and not gushing and giddy, I would like her to come to me for a short visit, say from Monday to Saturday. If I like her I can keep her longer, but I am too delicate now to put up with people, particularly young people, who do not adapt themselves to my ways and peculiarities.

"I should like to have your answer by return of post, if you are at home, and do pray let the young lady come on Monday next without fail; don't on any account let her get anything extra for the occasion, and if my god-child is not the most sensible of your girls, send me the one that is.

"Your old friend, Margaret Crofton-Chubb."

"Well, I do call that a most impertinent epistle," exclaimed Ethelwyn, in disgusted accents.

"Mrs. Crofton-Chubb was always very eccentric," her mother returned. "A most eccentric woman. I have not heard anything of her for years and quite thought that she had forgotten all about us. She was really more your father's friend than mine. She used," she added reflectively, "to be a very rich woman."

"And which of us is her god child?" Maudie enquired.

"Margot. That was why she was called Margot. Mrs. Crofton-Chubb thought it such a pretty form of the name, 'Margaret.'"

"Then will Margot have to go?" Gwen asked.

"I really think it would be as well," the mother answered. "It might mean a nice little legacy. And I daresay the

poor old lady is dull and lonely, though it is true she has many relations of sorts."

"Then, do you want me to go mother?" Margot asked.

"I wish you to do just as you please about it," Mrs. Blair replied. "I think it would be very kind if you were to go."

"Oh, of course you must go, Margot," put in Gwen imperiously. Gwen was anxious on the subject, for during the following week they were invited to a ball, and it was, in the natural course of events, her turn to stay at home.

"Yes, I'll go," said Margot; "I dare say I shall get on very well with her."

"And you'll remember, Margot, that Mrs. Crofton-Chubb is an old lady and has old fashioned ideas about most things."

"Yes, don't be too clever, Margot," laughed Gwen, "she might think the Brown episode most unmaidenly and even immodest."

CHAPTER III.

So Margot Blair, on the Monday following the receipt of the invitation, left her mother's house to pay her visit to a total stranger.

Mrs. Blair and Maudie went to the station and saw her off. "You will be sure to get something to eat in London," Mrs. Blair said anxiously just before the train started.

"Oh, yes, mother," Margot replied.

"And remember that you must on no account speak to any one; you cannot be too careful," Mrs. Blair continued, still anxious.

"Oh, yes; but don't worry about me. Think of little Brown whenever you feel inclined to fidget."

"And you'll send us a wire?"

"Yes, yes," laughing outright at the look in her mother's face.

It occurred to Mrs. Blair for the very

first time in her life as the train began to move out of the station, that Margot was growing handsome—yes, positively handsome. She gave or half gave expression to her thoughts. "How well she looks today," she remarked to Maudie.

"Margot will be a very handsome woman. I always said so," returned Maudie without hesitation.

And in due course they received a wire to say that the child had arrived safely at her destination. This was followed by a letter which told them that Mrs. Crofton-Chubb had received her very kindly, and that she was sure she should get on very well with her.

And before the end of the week, there came a highly characteristic epistle from the old lady herself.

"With your permission," it said, "I will keep Margot on a longer visit. She suits me. She stands fair and square on her own feet, and that, after the disgusting sycophancy which I have had to endure for years past, is a new and delightful experience, and one of which I do not think I shall tire for a long time. As you have so many girls, you will be able to spare one of them to me, and from what Margot tells me. I feel sure you will be very well able to get on without her for some little time. Therefore, I don't apologize for not letting her come back as soon as we first intended."

"She is cool," was Ethelwyn's comment.

"Rich people often are," her mother replied.

But cool or not, with her eccentric god-mother did Margot remain until her mother and sisters began to think that she never meant to come home again.

Several times when writing to her, Mrs. Blair hinted that she was afraid she might be out-staying her welcome, and every time that she did so, so surely

did Mrs. Crofton Chubb write and protest that she could not spare her god-child yet awhile, and she would therefore be infinitely obliged by her mother's allowing her to remain a little longer. From Ramsgate they moved to London, and Margot was badly needed to see after getting the new flat into order. So it was not till nearly a year had gone by, that Mrs. Blair one fine morning in June received a telegram to say that Margot would be home at seven o'clock.

They, that is Mrs. Blair and Maudie, went to the station to meet her, when surprise number one awaited them. Margot was traveling first-class. "Very nice of her god-mother to take her ticket," was the mother's first thought.

Then came surprise number two. Margot was traveling with a maid. "How foolish to go to the expense of providing her with an escort," was Mrs. Blair's second thought.

Surprise number three, however, Margot kept until they got home.

"How do you think I look, mother?" she asked, when she had taken off her hat.

"My dear child," Mrs. Blair returned. "I never saw anyone so altered or so improved in all my life. You have grown so handsomè."

"My god-mother thought I had better come home," said Margot, apparently not noticing her mother's remark.

"Well, you have made a regular visitation," the mother answered.

"Oh, but not for that reason. The fact is, mother, with your consent, I am going to be married next month."

"To be married?" Mrs. Blair cried.

"You, Margot!" cried the three girls together.

"Yes, I—see," taking a large photograph from her traveling bag. "this is—is the man. What do you think of him?"

"Why, he is glorious!" exclaimed Maudie excitedly.

"And his name?" her mother asked, feeling in an unaccountable way that she was now quite outside her daughter's life.

"Is Viscount Hedenham," said Margot softly.

One piece of jewelry Lady Hedenham always wears—it is a band of gold round her left wrist which has her husband's Christian name set in diamonds around it. And within is engraved as a text these words:

"Every man's life is a fairy tale written by God's fingers."

J. S. Winter.

A BLIND MAN RECEIVES HIS SIGHT.

In the town of New Pitsligo a branch in the Scottish Conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints lived, in the year 1893, William Gerrie. He has resided there for fifty six years, and had been for several months confined to his bed with a severe sickness which was making him very weak in body. The doctor of the town called on him daily, but at last this doctor gave him up, saying he could do nothing for him, and said one day that the patient would not live more than an hour. This remark caused much excitement in the household, and it was rumored throughout the town that the man was dead.

Brother Birnie and I went down to see the sufferer. We found him alive, but he was very low. Still he knew us both, and asked us to pray for him, as he thought he was dying. We knelt down and prayed that, if it was the Lord's will He would restore him to health. As we prayed we felt the power of God with us, and were impressed by His Spirit to

tell this man that he would get better again, and that he would be restored to his usual health and strength, living to see the day when he would have the privilege of being baptized for the remission of his sins by the authority of God, and become a member in His kingdom.

From that time he grew better and stronger every day. We explained the principles of the Gospel to him, in as plain a way as we could, and he became very much interested in the doctrine which we as Latter-day Saints believe. He said he believed in baptism by immersion for the remission of sins, and desired when he got a little stronger to have this ordinance administered to him. This man had been blind for thirty years, and was unable to do any work. He was in danger of his life as he walked along the streets. We promised him when he entered the waters of baptism that the Lord would restore his sight to him, and that this would be a great testimony to him of the divinity of this work.

In the month of August, 1893, he grew so much better and stronger that he applied for baptism. Two Elders from Salt Lake City were laboring as missionaries in New Pitsligo at this time. They led this man to the river two miles from town and baptized him for the remission of sins. He acknowledged to me, when he came up out of the water that his eyes were opened, and he saw the Elders and Brother Birnie stand on the banks of the river, and that he could see to walk home as the others did.

This man is alive today. He has read the Book of Mormon through and also the Bible, and has written several letters to the Saints in Zion. He is a very true and faithful Latter-day Saint, and can bear a faithful testimony to the divinity of the Gospel and to the power of

God through obedience to the principles of the same.

My brethren and sisters, it does me good to relate this remarkable case of healing. It is one among many evidences to me that this is the work of God, and that His power today is manifested to his servants and children here on earth.

John Murray.

THE PAYMASTER'S TRAIN.

Creak! clank! grind! The wheels labored, the engine puffed desperately under the great pressure of steam playing upon its valves and pistons, the brakes swung around loosely, and the train pulled forward. There was a sharp, swishing sound in front as the snow-plow cut the drifts and sent them flying in great swathes on both sides of the track, masses of it shooting high into the air and falling in a thick hail of white clods to the ground.

For a few rods the train dragged painfully on; then with a mighty jerk it came to a standstill.

"It's no use," said the engineer. "We might as well try to bunt through a mountain as that wall of snow. It's packed hard as iron."

He reversed the lever and the train tried to respond to the guiding motor with great jerks and convulsive breaths of steam that woke living echoes in the desolate, snow-covered wilds for miles around.

"By George, I believe we're stuck," said the engineer. The plow had cut the snow from the path, piling it high on either side; but the jar of the backing train had dislodged the loose snow, shattering the drifts underneath, and both had caved in under the wheels and on to the track at the rear, shutting the train in between banks of packed snow.

"You mean that we can't get out?" asked the paymaster.

That's about the English of it," said the engineer. She's under every inch of steam she can carry and ain't making an astonishing sight of headway either."

"What's to be done?"

"No way of helping matters except to send back for another engine."

"But how?"

"Telegraph from the station back here, if the wires ain't down; if they are, send a couple of men on snow shoes. They could make it by tomorrow and have the engine back here by next day this time."

The paymaster looked aghast. "I can't take either the time or risk," he said impatiently. "I've promised the men their pay before Christmas, and besides——"

The engineer made no reply, but shrugged his shoulders expressively. The paymaster understood. He thought seriously a moment, his face darkened by an anxious frown.

"If there's no help for it, the best thing is to act at once," he said finally to himself. He stepped into the baggage-car where the detective stood on guard before the company's safe, beckoning at the same time to the conductor on the platform. The three held a serious consultation. When it was ended the conductor came out and spoke to two of the trainmen, who hurriedly equipped themselves and started back along the track.

"Don't drop a word about the money at the station," said the conductor in final caution. "There are too many rough fellows hanging about the place, and we don't want any more risk than we're shouldering now. If the tele-

graph lines are down, go right on. We'll have to stand the risk of waiting here till you get us another engine. It won't do to let the station people know what we have on board, so we can't ask for assistance from them."

The two, with promises of caution, proceeded on their way, and the rest prepared to make themselves as comfortable as possible in the limits of the close blockade, hoping that the friendly telegraph might bring quick relief to them in their desert and snow-bound prison. The situation was indeed a trying one. It was at the time of the building a branch of the Great Northwestern Railway, and though the track had been laid for a large part of the way across the region which it traverses, still a great stretch of trackless waste spread out before the line of rail ending in the present terminus, and now that the snow had come another summer would be needed for its completion.

It had been customary during the period in which the work was going on to pay the hands regularly at the middle of each month. But at the end of six months the actual money subscribed at first for the enterprise had dwindled to a few hundred dollars, and though great figures stood opposite the names of the shareholders in representation of the amount of stock possessed by each, it had been a difficult task to procure the actual funds as rapidly as the expensive enterprise made call for money, and for the past two months the company had been remiss with the salaries of the workmen, the most of whom found themselves at the little town of M——, which made the present terminus, in a very forlorn condition. Recently there had been made a great effort, and at length the amount, which came to something like thirty to forty thousand dol-

lars, had been raised to relieve their need.

The train that bore the money had come through so far in one of the heaviest snowfalls of the season, and in that region, noted for heavy storms, this meant something indeed exceptional. Nearly a hundred miles this side of their journey's end they had been "caught in the blockade," and as the little station five miles back was the only point of civilization between this spot and the nearest depot, there was nothing now but to content themselves in their present circumstances. Equipped with a sleeping and dining car, a good cook and plentiful provisions, this seemed to promise no very serious task; but there were considerations of responsibility that would make one or two of those on the train, at least, draw easier breath when the dreary "wait" should be at an end.

"What can I do for you? Candy? Going to fill the youngsters' stockings?"

Ben Holden woke up with a start. It was his brother-in-law's voice, and Ben recognized it with something of a shudder. He had sent Ben out of doors a few hours before, telling him to keep out of sight and sound for the night on pain of a "fine thrashing," and now Ben was here, caught like a mouse in a trap. It would have been all right if he had not fallen asleep, for he might have watched for Rock's footstep and slunk out in time, but the place was so warm and cosy there under the counter, and the sense of security under his sister's watchfulness so secure, that he had dropped into a doze and then into deep slumber without knowing it. Rock had gone out some two hours before, telling his wife to mind the little shop which he kept for the railway company, till he came back, and she had told Ben to stay

there with her for company. It was a trying ordeal for Judith to have her brother so treated, but it was not the first humiliation she had suffered at the hands of the man she had married, and she had learned by painful experiences in the past to submit as patiently as she might to his will. It had been a long and agonizing trial during the two years of her married life, to see her husband's character unfold its baseness in successive acts that had left her hardly a remnant of esteem or respect for him. This cruelty had been capped by bringing her to the lonely station in the far north-west, away from civilization and friends, where she had only the comfort that was afforded her by the companionship of her brother, her husband's society making small solace for the greater trials occasioned by his cruelty. Ben's presence was the one comfort in her loneliness, and even this was made a half trial to her by Rock's brutality to the orphaned boy.

Sensing her feeling, it had become a favorite pastime of her husband to pick flaws in Ben's conduct and punish him continually, the slightest occasion serving as a pretext. Today he had been unusually severe, and Ben had been glad to keep out of the way while he was in sight. Just at dusk an errand had taken him away from the house—something unusual and important seemingly—as it was Christmas eve, and the custom brisker than ever in the shop.

He must have entered noiselessly by the back way upon returning. Ben thought, or Judith would surely have given him warning. He had probably sent her upstairs at once, and she had not dared to speak to wake him for fear of the punishment Rock had promised in case of seeing Ben around before another daylight.

Ben's legs were cramped as he lay tucked under the counter, with Judith's shawl for a head rest; but he dared not risk a motion, with the man he dreaded standing almost within arm-reach of where he lay. For an hour almost he lay in a torture of fear, listening to the talk of customers as they came and went, and wondering how long it would be before the last one were gone and the shop closed—the only chance that offered itself for an escape from his present position. Then presently something occurred to completely chain his attention, and he forgot his own plight in the interest of the talk which he was overhearing. It was late, and gradually the customers had thinned out, only one being at the counter at present, and a moment after the door had closed upon a departing one, Ben heard someone say in a whisper:

"Is that little party going to come off tonight up at the train or——?"

"Shh!" Rock said fiercely. "Not if you play the idiot and tell the town about it beforehand."

"There's no one around to hear," said the other, speaking, however, in a lower tone. "What's the program you've decided on anyway? Anything new from Smith?"

"Yes. I met him and the train cook an hour ago, and he says everything is all right for our plans."

"How did they manage to slip away?"

"They told the others they were going to come back here for something to make a Christmas on the train tomorrow, and got permission on condition they'd be back by midnight."

"Do you s'pose we can manage 'em all?"

"Easy enough. There's only four now, with Sam and the cook out of the way. Then, besides, it's Christmas

eve," he said significantly, "and I guess none of them will refuse a little of the good cheer I've had sent today to the train, and they won't need more than one glass of it to make them sleep fast till tomorrow. By the time they wake up we'll be through with our work, and none of them the wiser."

"If our plan should fail and they should resist?"

"Well, there's five of us to four of them, and the advantage of a surprise on our part as well. But even if we should fail, there's no harm done. We will all be masked, and suspicion would naturally fall on the rough element that's here rather than the company's employees. If we succeed all we've got to do is to hide the money safely according to our plans, lie low for a while till the affair's blown over, and then get away to some other country and enjoy our spoils."

"What time have you planned to be at the train?"

"About one o'clock. That gives me time to close up here and the place to get quieted down before it's time to start."

"Perhaps Joe and I had better meet you some ways down the track?"

"Yes; be at the switch at half-past twelve, and I'll join you there."

Ben heard Rock accompanying the man to the door, still talking to him in a low tone.

The door leading into the back part of the house was open, and it was only an instant's work for Ben to crawl from under the counter and into the next room. Once there, he slipped noiselessly up the narrow staircase to his sister's room. Judith was awake, listening anxiously in fear lest he might have been discovered and subjected to the ill-treatment of the brute whom they

both feared. She listened to Ben's recital of the talk downstairs with grief and indignation.

"I knew he was bad, Ben; but I hoped I'd never live to see him a criminal. Oh, Ben, to think it should have been my lot to marry a thief! I'd rather have died than live for this. He's treated me terribly, but I've stayed with him thinking all the time it would change and he would do better; but it only grows worse, and I feel I'm sacrificing all the dignity and good of my nature in submitting to his treatment."

"Oh, Judy," said Ben, clasping his arms tightly about his sister's neck in a vain attempt to comfort her, "if you and I could only go away."

"I've thought of it thousands of times, Ben; but I can't do it. I've no money to go with, and nothing to take care of us both with either. Besides, if I did try to run away, Ben, he would follow me and find me out if only for revenge. I know his nature well enough for that. I've thought it all out dozens of times, Ben, and it won't do."

"But, Judy, he said tonight he was going away, and perhaps if he does he'll leave us behind."

A thrill of hope came into the girl's voice. "Oh, Ben, if it could only happen! I'm afraid, though, that he will make me go where he does. He hasn't told me of this, but when the time comes he will drag me with him, if only because he knows that I would be glad to be free. But, Ben, I believe before I would stay with him after this I would——"

She did not finish, for Ben had put his hand across her lips.

"What would I do, Judy," he asked, "if anything happened to you?"

Judith kissed him lovingly. "There, Ben, I'm only talking. I'll never do

anything of my own free will to make you unhappy."

"Judy," said Ben, suddenly, "couldn't someone put a stop to what he's planning? That would settle the whole affair. Maybe if we told somebody——"

"There's no one we could tell, dear, unless it's those people on the train. I wouldn't dare trust any of the men here with the secret; if they knew there was money there I'm afraid they wouldn't hesitate to join with Rock and the others to try and get it. I've been trying to think of a way to warn them out there; but there's no one but myself to do it, and if Rock should happen to come up here and find me gone, you know what it would mean for both of us."

"Why couldn't I go? He'd never know I was out of the house."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE carrier-pigeon, when traveling, never feeds. If the distance be long, it flies on without stopping to take nutriment, and at last arrives thin, exhausted, and almost dying. If corn be presented to it, it refuses to eat, contenting itself with drinking a little water and then sleeping. Two or three hours later it begins to eat with great moderation, and sleeps again immediately afterwards. If its flight has been very prolonged, the pigeon will proceed in this manner for forty-eight hours before recovering its normal mode of feeding.

THERE is a great difference between military engagements and love engagements. In one there is a great deal of falling-in, and in the other there is a good deal of falling-out.

THE great duty of life is not to give pain.

THE . . .

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 1, 1896.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

GROWTH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

THE growth of the Catholic Church in the United States is a subject of much gratulation for the members of that church. In Europe the success which that body has had in the propagation of its religion in the United States is held up to the admiration of the people. Free laws and the doctrine of religious liberty are credited with the remarkable progress which has been made.

The writer remembers hearing the Prophet Joseph speak upon the subject of religious liberty. He did not agree with the view which some entertain, that the Church of Christ would thrive best in the midst of persecution. His view, as he expressed it, was that if the Church could be favored with full religious liberty, and have a fair field for the spread of its principles, it would grow much faster than it would where severe measures were used against it and mobocracy waged war against it.

The Prophet's views find illustration in the reports concerning the progress of Catholicism. There was a time when penal laws were on the statute books against Catholics in Great Britain and Ireland. These have been greatly modified, and there is very little of this to contend against. Still the Catholics do not have the same opportunities in the monarchy of Great Britain as they enjoy in our favored land. The influx

of Catholics from Europe, their unity, and the possession of the ballot, have made them a power in the land, so much so that an organization has arisen of late years, known as the American Protective Association, the object of which is to use influence against the spread of the doctrines of the Catholic Church and to check the power of its members. Yet notwithstanding this opposition, the Catholic church still increases.

It is claimed that there are nearly ten millions of people, governed by fourteen Archbishops and seventy-one Bishops, served by more than ten thousand priests, in fourteen thousand places of worship, and having about a million of children and students under instruction in five thousand schools and colleges in these United States.

There is no doubt that the religious liberty which the Catholics enjoy in this land has much to do with the spread of that religion. Its priests and nuns devote their entire lives to the service of their religion. Everything else is subordinate to it. For a Catholic priest to leave the service of his ministry and engage in any other pursuit is something rarely, if ever, seen. When a man accepts the office of a priest, it becomes a life service with him, and he is subject to the control of his associates and superiors in the priesthood to an extent that would astonish Latter-day Saints if the same control were enforced in our Church. Remarks have been made by some parties in relation to the doctrine of our Church concerning the authority of the Priesthood. Some persons seem to think that we are too strict. But when the practice of our Church is compared with that of some of the other churches, the requirements of our Church are very mild in comparison.

If the Catholic Church has had such

success in spreading its principles and obtaining converts to its doctrines because of the freedom it has enjoyed and the favorable character of the laws of this country, we can imagine what the progress of the Gospel of the Son of God, preached by authority from Him, would be, if prejudice and opposition ceased to be exhibited against the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

PURE AIR AND HEALTH.

OUR climate has obtained great credit as possessing great virtue in curing people inclined to be consumptive. When the Latter-day Saints first came to these mountains it was an almost constant practice, when traveling, for people to make their beds on the ground and sleep in the open air, and enjoy their sleep without the slightest bad consequence; in fact, those who indulged in this practice enjoyed excellent health, and there were many cases of persons with weak lungs and a tendency to consumption who were cured by sleeping in the open air.

But changes have occurred in the feelings of many of the people. People who have come from other lands and where they have been brought up with the idea that night air is hurtful, sleep in close, badly ventilated rooms and breathe impure air, and the results in many families are very injurious. Children are more liable to disease, and grown people are not as healthy as they should be. There are many people who seem to be afraid of pure air. They appear to entertain the idea that it will hurt them. They cannot bear a window opened in their bedroom at night, because they are afraid of taking cold.

Now, experience has proved that such ideas are all wrong. It is not proper that people should sit or sleep in a

draft; but one cannot have too much of pure air, and every bedroom should be ventilated and the occupant should have a bountiful supply of pure air. There are now six sanitariums in Germany, so we are told, at which consumptives are treated by constant exposure to air at a low temperature; currents of cold air are allowed to pass through the bedroom at night, and during the day as much time is spent in the open air as possible. The pure, cold air quiets cough, lessens temperature, arrests night sweats, improves the appetite, and modifies or arrests the course of the disease. This is said to be the experience of the patients at these places which are devoted to the cure of this disease.

Those of our people who crossed the plains with wagons will remember how healthy they were when they thus traveled, what good appetites they had, and how free they were from coughs and colds. Many sickly people who traveled in this manner had their health completely restored and became rugged and strong, because they lived so much in the open air; and in this mountain country our air is so pure that it is most refreshing to breathe it in abundance.

It is a great pity that by neglecting such plain rules of health as the breathing of pure air there should be sickness and feebleness among a people who ought to be as intelligent as our people.

You don't have to be disagreeable to be good.

The best kind of glory is that which is reflected from honesty.

It is better to work today than worry about tomorrow.

The man who can set himself to work has one of the best trades there is.

THE SEGO LILY.

Strange how impulses that have slumbered for a score of years start suddenly into consciousness at the touch of one of nature's million of fairy wands. What for instance aroused in me today the desire to go off on the hills and dig segoes? Perhaps the bright April sunshine, perhaps the sight of slowly thawing snow-banks at the foot of the mountains, perhaps the joyous clamor of a group of lads not yet in their teens. Something seen or unseen brought the longing into my mind; and true to its old-time habit, my mouth began to water.

But I did not go. It was Sunday; and then, you must know, I have reached an age when one is supposed to have a certain dignity that would forbid clawing the earth, like a rabbit, no matter how delicious the little bulb-like root that might reward such pains. Instead, therefore, of going to the hills in *propria persona*, I set memory free; and was soon in the regions of childhood, which, viewed from the altitude of care and anxiety where I am today, seem like one long sun-shiny day.

Among a thousand scenes that crowd upon me from that happy land, I pick out one. It represents a barefooted, sun-browned boy following a herd of cows to the "Sand hills." As he emerges from the dust, I observe a dinner-bucket in one hand, and a "digger" in the other. He is urging those sleepy-eyed animals forward at a rate not to be accounted for by any such notion as that they are hungry. It is rather he that is hungry—with a hunger peculiar to this season of the year.

Half an hour later he is to be seen kneeling on the shady side of a tall sage brush, where experience has taught him the largest segoes grow. Placing the

pointed end of his stick near the leaves of the plant, he bears his whole weight on the other end, and thus sinks his digger into the soft ground six inches at one impulse. Then with a sudden twist he brings up a heap of soil, in the middle of which is the coveted bulb. He can hardly wait to clean it, which, however, he hastily does by tearing off its outer coat. Then—well, the flavor of the sego—a rich, cream-like flavor—lingers in his memory after twenty years, and, as I observed above, makes one's mouth water.

During certain tedious stretches in the sermon today, my mind wandered again and again to the sego lily. How appropriate, thought I, that this little gem should be chosen the emblematic "flower of Deseret." But what has been done since by way of celebrating this choice? Nothing that I am aware of. The small boy of the country still carries his digger to the hills, and when he returns with pockets laden, his gray-haired grand sire smiles as he takes the proffered handtul from the lad, and tells how during pioneer days the little root saved many a family from starvation. But outside these two, who are keeping the sego lily in mind? What are our poets and painters and story-writers doing, that amid all the jubilation about statehood not one word is heard concerning the state flower?

After meeting I could not resist the temptation to take a stroll far out from the city to the habitat of this little posy. There it was, natural as when I was a boy. Its home is among the sage brush. No sooner has the snow melted in the spring than the sego sends forth a slender, grass-like leaf, which in time grows to be six to eight inches long, and about one-eighth of an inch wide. It is presently joined by another, more

narrow and not so long. By the middle of May a stock arises between the leaves on which blooms a fragile flower, with five white, wax-like petals about one inch long, and so closely interlocked as to seem like a fairy bell. Occasionally two or more flowers occur on the same stem but this is not usual.

As I stood musing on its life-history, the thought occurred to me that the sego lily fitly symbolizes many beautiful traits of human character. I will name a few of them:

1. *Modesty*.—It grows alone. Just where you would least expect to find beauty, there it chooses to bloom. It loves to hide in the shadow of the sage brush, and apparently ceases to thrive where man has set his foot. What was said by Burns of the daisy is equally true of the sego-lily, save that the latter adorns the desert instead of the "histie stibble field."

"The flaunting flowers our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa'smann shield;
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble field
Unseen, alane."

2. *Usefulness*.—While in point of beauty and symmetry it is unsurpassed by other flowers, it is also valuable to man in a material sense, which very often they are not. As indicated above, its use for food during the grasshopper war and other periods of famine incident to pioneer days, should alone entitle it to the love of our people. Nor is this all that may be said under the head of its usefulness. May it not some day be cultivated as a food plant? Who can predict the outcome of careful experiments in its domestication? The potato was just such a wild plant two hundred and fifty years ago.

3. *Spiritual beauty*.—There is something so pure, delicate, and refined about the flower that one is immediately reminded of those esthetic types of human nature, in which all that is coarse and carnal has, as it were, been bleached away. The sunflower and the Indian paint brush, which in the vote were its close rivals, flaunt their colors and advertise their beauty afar off. These would fitly have typified exactly what the sego lily condemns, viz: sensuous beauty, beauty skin-deep—beauty which appeals to passion rather than to intellect. Surely in this utilitarian age, we have need of a flower that shall plead for spiritual beauty—the beauty appreciated only by the cultured mind and the chastened heart.

4. *Gentleness and tenderness*.—The sego lily is fragile as a soap bubble and evanescent as the whispers of a dream. When rough hands are laid upon it, it wilts and dies. It will therefore be a constant pleader for gentleness and deftness in action, and for tenderness in emotion. Will it not be a good thing for us as a people to modify that brusqueness of manner, and ungentleness, not to say callousness, of feeling, which some of us now mistake as essentials of strength of character? At any rate our state flower will be a constant reminder to us of the need of gentleness and tenderness.

These sentiments I have tried to embody in the following verses:

THE SEGO LILY.

When the snow has melted
On hillside and in dale,
Peeps from earth in modest birth,
The lily of the vale;
Like a gentle spirit
Opening mortal eyes,
Sent below to realms of woe:
From mansions in the skies

CHORUS.

Modest Sego Lily,
Flower of Deseret,
Delicate and graceful
As mortal ever met;
Beautiful, yet fragile
And tender thou dost seem,
As a sainted mother's kiss
In her darling's dream.

Sweetest little floweret
Growing all alone;
Tell me, truly tell me
Why hast thou come?
Dost thou teach the lesson
Our spirits to refine—
To count as dross, whate'er is gross
That mind and heart may shine?

I love thee, little posy;
As bread thou didst relieve,
In time of need the hungry feed
Nor for thy life didst grieve.
A famine for the beautiful
Is on the land e'en now;
Again be true, thy mission through,
A voice of God art thou.

The reader will kindly bear in mind that I do not set up for poet. I know too well the limitations of my pen. Of course I should feel gratified if the people of Utah would love my little song well enough to wed it to their favorite flower. But I am not selfish enough to hope for this till we have heard from our many really talented writers of verse, on this theme. I am sure the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR will not hesitate to give space for such poems. Then let the people choose which song shall permanently celebrate the 'Flower of Deseret.'

Whether my song be chosen or not I have this offer to make: the libretto is free to all composers who desire to try their hand in setting it to music; provided only, that the music shall also be made free. What I mean is, the song and music shall be sold without royalty to author or composer.

I hope the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, the Utah Fair Association, or some other

such organization that can afford to do so, will offer an adequate prize for the best song and music celebrating the sego lily. It is high time that sentiment were being aroused on the subject.

What more graceful and appropriate subject than this could engage the artistic talent of our people?

If I may venture one suggestion respecting the music, let me urge that it be a simple melody which even a child may trill. The sego lily song must be the song of the cottage, not of the concert hall. The music must be one with the sentiment, and both must approach the simplicity of the flower in its own unadorned home.

For those who in the meanwhile would wish to voice the little poem here given, I may add that it was written to the air of "Tell me with your eyes."

N. L. N.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

CHARACTER OF THE SAINTS.

The consequences which arise from a want of confidence are frequently very extraordinary and greatly to be deplored. Where confidence is absent, suspicion is easily aroused, and many people of active imaginations indulge in all sorts of apprehensions and misconceptions concerning the conduct of others.

This has been very clearly illustrated during the past week or two by the hubbub that has arisen through a statement being made that there had been an attempt on the part of certain persons to promote, retard, or in some manner interfere with the legislation proposed to the two houses of the State Legislature. I do not recall any instance that better illustrates the evil effects of suspicions

which have their origin in a want of confidence.

There are men in our community who are very jealous of the Mormon people, and especially of the authorities of the Church. They seem to entertain the idea that these leaders are constantly plotting to take advantage of their fellow-citizens or of the world at large. Having these ideas, they endeavor to divine in every step that is taken some unworthy motive or some improper end to be achieved. They keep themselves in a constant state of uneasiness, and by their words and acts create that feeling in others with whom they come in contact and who are open to their influence.

The greater part of the troubles that have afflicted this community and caused the divisions and bitterness of the past are due to these causes.

Experience ought to have taught these agitators that yielding to such a spirit and entertaining such feelings is the greatest folly. There is not the least need for the existence of jealousies and fears of this character in this community. Let the conduct of the Latter-day Saints be examined in the light of reason and of truth, and it will bear the closest and strictest scrutiny. The more it is examined, especially in the light of experience, the better it will appear; and such examination cannot fail to prove the senseless character of the opposition which from time to time has been evoked, and which has made so much ill-feeling and angry ebullitions in the past.

People should give their neighbors some credit for honesty and fair dealing. The Latter-day Saints have now been in these mountains nearly forty-nine years. During that time they have had an opportunity to display their charac-

teristics. There have been attacks made upon them from time to time concerning the policy they were pursuing. Innumerable efforts have been made to show the world, by citing illustrations of the way they managed affairs, that they were prompted by bad motives, and should not be trusted. A false character has been given to the people; and this has been done so industriously that many visitors are surprised when they become acquainted with the Latter-day Saints to find them so different to what they supposed them to be from having heard these reports. Many actions that were formerly denounced and held up to the public gaze as evidence of wrongdoing on the part of the Latter-day Saints are now praised, the wisdom which prompted these measures having been fully vindicated in the light of the results which have attended them.

Prejudice blinds those who possess it to the virtues of those against whom they entertain it. When prejudice is removed, everything appears in a different light. We are having some experience in this of late; for until within a recent period there was, for a number of years, the most blind, unreasoning and vindictive prejudice entertained against the Mormon people. That feeling has, to a great extent, passed away, and it is surprising now to see the contrast. The Latter-day Saints have not changed; but their virtues are now viewed in something like their right light; and even those characteristics that were considered great faults are now, in many instances, esteemed as virtues.

Referring again to the excitement that has been stirred up lately, it is stated by one writer that the masses of the Mormon people are good, well-meaning and well-disposed people; but the intimation is given that the leading men

are very different. At the same time the idea is plainly conveyed that the authorities have great influence with the people. Such reasoning is entirely illogical. An honest, well-ordered, upright community would not tolerate leaders who were dishonest, tricky or immoral. If the leaders had the influence attributed to them, the people would exhibit the same qualities as the leaders. It is unreasonable to suppose that an honest, straight forward, conscientious community would have men of a direct opposite character to occupy places of trust and responsibility among them. It is also quite as unreasonable to suppose that leading men of bad character would stand at the head of a community and not influence public sentiment and conduct sufficiently to have the community exhibit in their conduct the defects and evils which they possessed.

It is time that at least men who reside in the settlements in which the Latter-day Saints preponderate should dismiss from their minds such fears and apprehensions as I have alluded to, and believe the people and their leaders to be honest, upright and truthful. These are the characteristics that have been exhibited from the beginning. Taking the Latter-day Saints as a whole, where can there be found a community whose word can be more depended upon than theirs? Where can a community be found more honest and upright in all their dealings? Speaking generally, they do not break their contracts, they are not litigious, they are not immoral, their habits are good, they are industrious and frugal. Where is there a better community in these respects? And cavilers may be safely challenged to select a body of religious teachers, or a single religious teacher, in the United States, whose discourses and addresses

to their congregations convey with greater plainness the truths of the Gospel taught by our Lord and Savior than do the ministers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. There are no ministers who dare talk to their congregations with the plainness and sometimes with the severity that the ministers of our Church do to the congregations whom they address. Every pains is taken to denounce sin in every form, and to hold up and extol virtue, honesty, truthfulness, regard for each other's rights and fair dealing. Duplicity is constantly spoken against. Trickery in every form is held up to condemnation. The people are impressed to deal fairly with their fellow-men, to be upright in all their transactions, as much so with those not of their faith as with the members of their own Church. These lessons are constantly inculcated, and with such results as every person who will observe the conduct of the people without prejudice must admit. The effect of these teachings is to be seen in the lives of the people—not in Salt Lake City alone, but in every settlement where the Latter-day Saints dwell.

Ought not these evidences that the people are instructed aright and that the men who instruct them are honest and truthful to have some weight in repelling the base insinuations and slanders which there is such a disposition here to indulge in? If instead of trying to slander and abuse and find fault with the Latter-day Saints, men would look at the beam in their own eyes, and have some charity for others, and believe that other people as well as themselves can be honest, it would save an immense amount of ill-feeling and bitterness, which must have some effect in poisoning the lives of those who indulge in this spirit.

The Editor.

A CASE OF HEALING.

One of the stormiest nights I ever experienced was that of June 26th, 1880, while laboring in Auckland, New Zealand, as a missionary. The weather there at that time of the year corresponds to our December season; but at this particular time it seemed as though all the forces under heaven were turned loose to make a day and night of unexampled fury.

It was during this terrible night that I was asked by a doting father to visit and administer to his daughter who was to all human appearance in the arms of death. Indeed some of the neighbors who had seen her said they could detect putrefaction by the odor which emanated from her body. The doctor had lost all hope for the little one.

The mother of the child was an unbeliever and railed bitterly against us. So boisterous was she that we had to request her to withdraw while we administered to the afflicted one.

We anointed and administered to the girl and promised her recovery. The Lord fulfilled the blessing, and the child now a young lady, is living to testify to the power of God as it is manifested in His Church here upon the earth.

John P. Sorenson.

SPRING.

HAIL, laughing, merry spring,
Waking up everything
From its chill slumber, so lonesome and drear.
Welcome, ye buds and flowers,
South winds and gentle showers.
Tokens, unerring, that summer is near.

Fresh from their wild retreat,
Hear how the warblers sweet
Vie with each other to welcome the day;
Frisking from bough to bough,
Bluebird and robin now
Tell us that winter has vanished away.

Hear what a noise they make,
Down in the willow brake,
Blackbirds and sparrows, as pris'ners let free;
Hear how the welkin rings,
As the blithe linnet sings--
No fear of trouble or sorrow has he.

Season of song and flower,
O, with what vivid power
Thou dost remind us of joys that are past:
Scenes of our early youth,
Hallowed with love and truth,
Innocent pleasures too precious to last.

Soon in our better home,
Waiting beyond the tomb,
Pleasures unceasing our lives shall employ;
There birds in verdant bowers,
There sweet and fragrant flowers
Through one long summer shall yield us sweet joy.
J. C.

CARDINAL MANNING ON CHILDREN.

"I have sometimes thought, when looking on a church full of children, there is nothing more beautiful in the sight of God. A beautiful garden of roses, lilies and lovely flowers is sweet and beautiful to the eye. The hand of man guards and watches over it so that no harm can enter. Sometimes a storm of wind or hail breaks the lilies, destroys the roses and makes ruin where before all was sweet and orderly. The wicked and malicious man comes into wreck and ruin his neighbor's garden, and when they see this, everybody is touched to the heart. Everything lovely and sweet trampled down and wrecked, makes one grieved; but in the sight of God, not the most beautiful garden fashioned by the hand of man, not even Paradise, not even the garden of Eden with all its glory and beauty of flowers and fruits, is so bright and glorious as are the souls of little children in whom the Holy Ghost dwells."

HIS LAST TRIP.

Away down in Sanpete somewhere, in a small settlement, is the home of Bert Brinton, or was, for he is dead now. But the old house, and the nice, white-painted picket fence is there still, and beyond it the wheat field where Brother Brinton toiled so many years from early dawn till late at night, trying to make a living for himself and family, and perhaps lay a little by for the education of his children. Brother Brinton had five of them; but the four of them died one after the other till he had but the youngest left. And on him, then, he centered all his affections. John was quite a worthy subject, too, as good a boy as could be found for miles around.

Brother Brinton had come to Utah with the early settlers, and what little he had when John grew up he had made by hard "licks," as he would often say himself. And John had helped him to be sure. But when he was fifteen years old he told his father that he would like to be something different to what he had been. He had a desire to rise in the world; in fact, he wanted an education, he said, and the sooner he got it the better it would suit him. Brother Brinton stroked his grey beard and looked proudly at John.

"To be sure, boy, I want you to have an education. I don't want you to be like your father—poor old fool. He never knew any better than to work, and work hard at that. But I did it for the children, John, you and the others. The Lord took them. Now you can have it all; there ain't so much, maybe as you think there is, and I guess it'll take pretty plenty to get what learnin' you want; so you'll have to be savin'. Your mother and me have worked for it together like, and we want you to make the best use of it. And remember, boy,

if it should make you too big feeling for your old parents and your religion, we'd rather see you laid alongside of the others."

But John took his father's hand and promised, with tears in his eyes, that he never would or could grow too big for that. And as John sat that same night astride the fence and looked out over the wheat field waving in the evening breeze like a beautiful golden sea, it seemed to him that the world had suddenly been laid at his feet, and that he had but to stoop and pick out its choicest gifts. But his warm young heart swelled as he thought of the hard-working, generous old father, who had promised to help him to this wonderful learning, which, like a magic key, would open all doors to him, and never, never would he forget him.

John was first sent two years to Provo, to the Brigham Young Academy. Then he taught school one year, and afterwards went to the University in Salt Lake City three years. His mother had meanwhile died, and his father had laid by a good bit more of his savings, and John went back East to some institution of learning and spent it all. But then he came back a year later with "any amount of education," and was ready to take up life for himself. He had made law his study of late, had been admitted to the bar in Salt Lake City, and had little by little acquired quite a practice.

Brother Brinton still lived on the old farm and worked; but he had grown quite stoop-shouldered and his hair and beard were almost white, and he was no longer able to lay anything by. Times had changed somewhat; his wheat did not bring as good a price as formerly; he was not able to work as much himself as he used to, consequently had to hire it done. "But then," he would say

to his neighbors, "I ain't got no fear of the future; I have worked for John; what I have is his, and I guess he'll take care of his old father. He kin do it all right. He's more than able. Oh, yes, John's on top now. I'd like to see the man with a better edycation than he. Yes, John's all right, there's no mistake about that."

One fine spring morning Brother Brinton stood leaning on his barn gate and looked reflectively over his wheat field. It was coming up beautifully, and if the Lord would only see to it that there would be a better market for his grain, he could do excellently. He could manage as it was, providing nothing should turn up to ruin the prospects.

"I think I can do it," he said with decision. It was not, however, in answer to the question of a livelihood. Brother Brinton had a plan. He had been laying this plan a good many years, and now he was going to execute it, the Lord being willing, for Brother Brinton never did anything without consulting Him. He had not been to Conference the last ten years. It had taken so much to keep John, and the last few years he had not been able to spare the money, he thought. But he would go now, and then he could see John and his wife—for John had lately married—at the same time.

Brother Brinton's old heart beat faster now that he had made up his mind. What a glorious out he would have; how he would drink in all the inspired words and the fine singing that John had mentioned so often. "And I shouldn't wonder a bit if John invited me to come and live with him for good," he concluded, as he fastened the gate behind him and hastened up to tell his sister, who kept house for him, about his intention.

On the third of April, in the afternoon, Brother Brinton stood on the platform

in front of the men's waiting-room in Salt Lake City, looking somewhat nervously about him. He had not written John of his coming, as he meant to surprise the boy entirely, and now he was not without vague misgivings that it might not be so easy to find John. He dared not venture across the platform for fear of falling into the clutches of the terrible cabmen, who stood there clamoring for the possession of his person, each one extolling the merits of his respective hotel in a most bewildering way.

At last one, bolder than the rest, seized him by the coat sleeve and dragged him out on the street.

"Cab, sir? This way! Just waiting for one more passenger. Be off in two seconds. Where do you want to go to, the Knutsford?" with a significant glance at the other passengers and the old man's decided countrified appearance.

"I want to go to my son, John. He's a lawyer, and lives at——"

"Yes, yes. I'll take you there in two minutes," and he gave Brother Brinton a vigorous push which landed him and his belongings almost in the lap of a young, very dressy lady.

Brother Brinton apologized and sat looking round in a dismayed fashion.

After having driven around with all the other passengers, the driver at last put him down on Second South Street, No.—, where his son had his office; but on entering he found that Mr. Brinton was not there, nor would he be there that day.

Brother Brinton did not know the address of his son's home, and the man in the office did not either, but he thought it was up in the Twentieth Ward, somewhere on First Street. The old man did not know where the Twentieth Ward was, but he could take the car the man told him. So he sauntered off, with his

big, old handbag, in the direction of Main Street. And he stood on the sidewalk nearly an hour waiting for the Twentieth Ward car to come up; but he failed to catch it, and at last asked someone to direct him to First Street, and at last, after tramping around considerably, and inquiring all along First Street, someone who knew his son told him where the house was, and the old man, footsore and weary, finally arrived at the place. He stood on the opposite side viewing the neat little cottage with a heart full of joy. Here was his beloved John's place at last. How cosy it looked, and how comfortable John must be. He stood still awhile and rested against a big, old tree, from where he could see the silk-curtained windows, the handsome front door, with the portico and the iron fence round the place. Outside stood a double-seated carriage and two splendid bays, impatiently stamping the ground. John must have company. Maybe it was as well to wait till they should have gone. He was very tired, and sat down on the sprouting, green grass by the ditch, awaiting proceedings, and for the hundredth time he wondered what John would say and what John's wife would be like. He took out his railroad ticket to see how long it was good for. It would be good till the twelfth.

"Well, it's just possible that John might want me to stay longer. Of course that would entail extra expense. But then, o' course John's pretty comfortable; he could do it all right enough. Wonder what Sister Martha would say if the old man didn't appear when the time was up. Reckon they'd all make some funny faces." And Brother Brinton chuckled inwardly.

"But if them people don't come out pretty soon I guess I'll have to go and

surprise the lot of em. Oh, here they come," as the door opened and three young men with as many young ladies appeared on the scene. They were laughing and talking, and were evidently bent on some pleasure trip. Brother Brinton strained his dim eyes to see if his John might be among them. Yes, there—oh, joy!—he came out last. That was his very own John. But my, he puts on lots of style. And that young lady at his side must be his wife. But were they all going out? Well, he wouldn't spoil their pleasure now. Now that he knew where they lived he could wait till they returned. Seeing that someone closed the door after them, they must keep a hired girl. "My stars, but they put on lots of style," and Brother Brinton looked down at his new jeans suit with the suspicion of a doubt about its beauty.

Some one of the merry party across the road was saying something funny, judging from the laughter. Now one of the young men was saying, "That would almost be as bad as Miss Brown's old hayseed she has just been telling about." There was another peal of laughter.

"Oh, but he did look too ludicrous for anything. You should have seen——"

The young lady stopped short, turned, and almost exploded with subdued laughter.

"There, that's him, that's him, right across the road, hand-bag and all. Do look!" she shouted in a whisper, almost wild with amusement, and Brother Brinton heard every word.

He sat staring confusedly at the company, shame and anger rising within him. He saw John look his way, start visibly, color, and turn nervously away.

Oh, heaven! was that John, his own John?

The company drove off in great glee,

all except one, perhaps. But that one never once turned in the direction of his old father.

The old man still sat by the ditch as if turned to stone. At length he arose and tried to collect himself. There lay his shattered hopes. All that he had looked forward to so long. A great tearless sob rose and shook him. He felt chilly, too, sitting on the damp ground. It was growing late, and he was very hungry. How should he get down town again to-night? But he must. He started off, leaning heavily on his cotton umbrella. If he could only have lain down somewhere and sobbed out his sorrow; but he walked on and on, trying hard to keep the tears back.

It was quite dark when he reached the Eagle Gate, where he stopped, worn out with fatigue and grief, and looked dazedly up and down. People hurried busily forth and back, and wondered at the trembling old man who stood there so forlorn, not venturing to speak to anyone for fear of breaking down entirely. How could they know that it was a poor, broken-hearted father? After wandering aimlessly about for some time, he came upon a place where a sign told him that he could get lodgings. When he sought his bed that night how different it looked from what it had done in the morning.

"So John is ashamed of his old father. And all that he is I have made him, till I'm bent and ready for the grave." But yet a fervent prayer went up that God would forgive John and bless him. He had done all he could for him.

Three days later when the train rolled southward Brother Brinton stood on the rear platform and looked mournfully toward the city.

"Good-by, John," he whispered. "When we meet again you will be wiser, for it won't be in this world."

Nor did they, for though John wrote and confessed, and begged his father's forgiveness and told how he had hunted the city high and low during conference days, and how near despair he had felt at his non-success, and begged his father to come once more and see what they would do for him, Brother Brinton refused, and before another spring he had passed away.

His son came down to his funeral, of course. He had meant to come sooner, but had not expected his father to die so soon. But the old man had let go all hold on this world after that last trip. He never spoke of his John after that, and his neighbors wondered much.

How often John Brinton stands leaning over his fine iron gate and stares at the gnarled tree where his old father sat alone and forlorn that April day, and something wrings and tears at his heart always at sight of it.

S. Valentine.

SPRING TIME.

Tripping, blithesome, merry spring-time,
Thou art with us once again,
Bringing flowers and cooling showers
To meadow, hillside, field and lane:

Zephyrs softly sigh, and robins
Gaily in the tree-tops sing.
And from pleasant woodland bowers
Peals the merry march of Spring,

Fringing all the dusty roadside
With one mass of green and gold,
Bright'ning all the winding pathway,
Lovely spring-time gay and bold.

Happy songs and pleasant hours
To the lonely heart you bring,
Chasing shadows, bringing sunshine,
Tripping, blithesome, merry spring.

Lula Cooper.

THE way to do a great deal of work is to be continually doing a little.

Our Little Folks.

ALFRED'S CONSCIENCE AND THE TEMPTER.

A LITTLE boy was playing in the front flower garden, trying to pass away a very lonely afternoon. Everything seemed unusually quiet, and Alfred seemed unusually lonely.

The flowers did not seem so pretty to-day, the grass did not seem as green. What was the matter with Alfred, I wonder, this lonely afternoon?

Could my little readers have been present a few hours before this, they could easily have understood.

Alfred's mother was very, very busy that day, and, needing some one to go on an errand for something wanted in the house, went out in search of Alfred, to ask him to do the errand. She went to the back of the garden, calling, "Alfred, Alfred." No answer came, but Alfred had heard the call, and something said to him: "Don't disturb yourself, let her call; if she wants you, let her find you;" and then another little voice seemed to say: "Run quick; that is your mamma's voice. She needs the little boy that she has toiled for, watched over, cooked for, and continually cared for since he was a wee, tiny boy. Why you can never repay her; so just run as fast as you can, and say, 'Mamma, dear, here I am; what can I do for you?'"

Then the other voice said: "Pshaw, what a lingo! Don't you listen to it. Just stretch yourself down on the nice lawn; lay low, and then she will think you have been asleep."

When the good voice was speaking, Alfred felt good and willing, and the flowers seemed bright, and all the world looked beautiful; but when the other

voice spoke, everything looked black and ugly.

What do you think, little readers? Alfred did not go; but did he enjoy the sunshine and the flowers? No, and even more, he felt hungry, but he could not eat; sleepy, but he could not sleep; thirsty, but he could not drink. The tempter had caused him all these bad feelings.

Now, had he been running along the street on the errand for his mamma, his heart would have felt light and happy, and not a care or trouble near him.

It was six o'clock now, and papa was just coming in the gate. Dinner was all ready. "Well, my little man," said his papa, "been taking a nap?"

No answer.

"Why, what is the matter, little chap? you look poorly," so papa took him in, and told his mamma to bring the medicine bottle, as Alfred did not seem well.

Now the thoughts of drinking that nasty medicine, which grandma had fixed when she was there visiting, seemed awful; but he felt so guilty and bad he could not talk, so he had to take it without a murmur. He could not eat his dinner, so they thought he was very sick, indeed, and had better go to bed, and yet the sun was shining brightly, and the best part of the day was at hand, to play football and roll the hoop.

Now don't you think Alfred was punished enough? I know you do, and as he lay in his little bed he thought, "I'll be a little man after this. I won't let the tempter be any stronger than I am, and I will do all I can to help my parents in every way.

When morning came, Alfred dressed quickly, and was down by the kitchen stove ready to get a pan of chips, carry in some coal, or eager to help in any way he could. And oh, did not the

breakfast taste good! The oatmeal, the toast, the fried potatoes, all seemed to taste better than ever before; and it was just because he was a good boy, ready to work, ready to answer his mamma's call, and willing to always be of any assistance to any one who needed his help.

Alfred will grow up and make a fine man, if he always remembers the lesson of the tempter and his conscience.

Annie Jones Atkin.

ROBBIE RICHARDS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 253.)

THE first day Robbie went to this new school the teacher jerked him out of his seat behind an old, rickety desk and dragged him to the front of the school and told him to stand there the rest of the day facing the scholars. This was one of the teacher's methods of punishment. Why it was inflicted upon him he never learned, unless it was because he turned his eyes from his book once when the teacher threw a piece of firewood at one of the larger boys. Robbie was glad when that day of school was ended. He told his mother how he had been treated, and declared he would not go again. His mother did not think it was any use to urge him to continue at the school if it was true that the teacher was such as he described him to be. She inquired of other children who attended the school and found that Robbie had not exaggerated or overstated the facts.

The next day Robbie learned from some of the neighbor's boys that the evening before some of the big boys of the school had "licked" the teacher, and told him if he came near the school house the next morning they would "lick him again." The teacher did not dare

to come near the next day, so the school was discontinued until a new teacher could be found.

The boy learned further that this was not the first teacher who had been whipped by the larger pupils of the school. It was their usual method of getting rid of teachers who did not give satisfaction. The trustees of the district were helpless in changing matters, for if they interfered they too would have been in danger of getting a "licking," as the parents of the pupils seemed to be in sympathy with their children.

For the remainder of the winter Robbie stayed at home. Shortly after leaving the school he was taken down with a fever that kept him in bed for several weeks. When he was able to get up he was so weak that he could hardly walk. Being unable to get out of doors he spent much of his time in studying, having his mother for a teacher. In this way he made more progress than he would likely have made if he attended such schools as were held in the neighborhood.

The following summer the grasshoppers were very troublesome to the people in Salt Lake Valley. Nearly every family in Salt Lake City at that time cultivated vegetable gardens upon which they depended to a great extent for their livelihood. Mrs. Richards had a little garden which she with the help of her boy managed to take care of. This summer Robbie had plenty to do trying to keep the grasshoppers from it. To perform this task he had a gunny sack with a hoop around its mouth and a handle attached which served as a net. With this he would go about the garden scooping in the little pests that were devouring the vegetation. In this way he would catch about a bushel of the grasshoppers each day.

But it was more troublesome to destroy them than to catch them. If they were buried in the ground they would make their way out again; and if put in the water they could not be drowned except by keeping them under for a long time. The most effective way to kill them was by burning them, but the difficulty in this was to keep them in the fire.

The grasshopper war was the most important event of that summer. All the talk was about how to kill grasshoppers. At the Sabbath meetings the preachers took the subject for their text; and announcements were made each Sunday of raids to be made upon the enemy during the coming week.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

YOUNG FOLK'S STORIES.

Jack Hearly's Thanksgivings.

It was Thanksgiving Day. The wind was keen and piercing. The streets of the city were thronged with people. Among the throng was a little ragged boy, whose slight form shrank from each returning blast. As he walked along, gazing into the shop windows at the many delicious things he saw there, he longed for the privilege of tasting some of them.

"I wish I had a kind father and mother to prepare a nice Thanksgiving dinner for me," he said to himself. "But I have not, and Aunt Jane never has anything nice when I am around."

Aunt Jane was the name of the woman with whom Jack lived. But she was so cross that he would go near her no oftener than was necessary, and this day in particular she had told him she did not wish to be bothered with him, so he went away shivering with the cold. Then he noticed a lady and little child on the

opposite side of the street. "What a beautiful lady!" he said to himself. "She looks so pleasant and good-natured. I wish Aunt Jane was like her; and that little girl, it would be so nice to have a little sister like her."

He gazed around him for a few moments, and was about to walk on when he heard a cry. He looked around. There was a runaway team dashing along the street, and the little child which we have just mentioned started to cross the street, and seeing the team so close upon her, had hastened to reach the other side before the team should reach her, and in her haste had fallen down.

Jack rushed forward, caught the little one in his arms, and barely escaped being trodden down under the feet of the frightened team. The child's mother had turned aside into a shop and had not noticed that her pet was not with her, while the little girl had been attracted by something on the opposite side of the street and had attempted to go where she might better see it. As soon as the mother had noticed that the child was not with her, she hastened out, and was just in time to see Jack raise her child from the street.

"Oh, how can I ever repay you for saving her," said the grateful mother, as she clasped her darling in her arms. "I must take you home to dinner with us. I have a little boy there almost your size; I am sure he will be glad to see you, for he is very fond of company. Jack was, of course, delighted at the thought of going home to dinner with this lady. He drew his tattered coat closer around him, and followed the lady down the street. They soon found themselves in front of a beautiful house. The lady entered and told Jack to follow. As he did so, he was delighted at the beautiful pictures and hangings of

the elegantly furnished house. The lady led him to a room in which a little boy was at play.

"Harry," said the lady, "I have brought some one to see you."

"Who is it mother?" asked Harry.

"A boy who saved our little Alice from being trodden to death under the feet of a runaway team. You must be very kind to him, Harry."

"Of course I will, mother, I will show him my new rocking-horse that Uncle Hyrum sent me."

"You may," said his mother; "but wait until after dinner. It is now almost ready. You may let him put some of your warm clothes on; I am sure he is very cold," said the kind-hearted lady. "I will bring them to him, and when he gets them on you must both come in to dinner."

So when Jack had changed his own thin suit for one of Harry's new, warm ones, the two boys went into the dining-room, where the table was spread with all the dainties one might wish for. In the center of the table was a large turkey. It was surrounded by puddings, tarts, cakes, and pies and many more dainties, more than Jack had ever dreamed of; and how his eyes danced with delight as he sat down to the table! He thought it was truly a thanksgiving dinner.

The two happy boys chattered away in delight, and Mrs. Davis—for that was the lady's name—and little Alice joined in their innocent prattle.

After dinner, Harry took Jack into the play-room, where he showed him his rocking horse, balls, tops, kites, and many more delightful toys, which were all new to Jack. The boys amused themselves in innocent play until they became tired. Then they sat down and indulged in a friendly, boyish talk.

"What is your name?" asked Harry.

"Jack Hearly," said his friend.

"Mine is Harry Davis. But where do you live, Jack?"

"I live with Aunt Jane."

"Who is that?"

"I don't know, only everybody calls her Aunt Jane."

"Haven't you got any father and mother?" asked Harry.

"No," said Jack, "they are both dead."

"My father is, too," said Harry."

After the two boys became acquainted with the circumstances of each other's lives, they went back to play. Presently Mrs. Davis entered the room.

"Well, how are you getting along?" she asked.

"Splendidly, mother," said Harry.

"Jack and I have had the best time. Say, mother, can't Jack live with us?" pleaded Harry. "He says he has no kind father and mother of his own."

"If he desires to stay I will be more than pleased to have him do so. Whatever he may ask of me, I will willingly grant, if it is in my power to do so, for I feel that I can never sufficiently reward him for the heroic action he has this day performed in saving our little Alice."

"Oh, Jack, you will not leave us, will you?" asked Harry.

"No, no!" cried Jack.

"We are brothers, then," said Harry, taking Jack's hand. "I already love you as a brother, and I am sure our love for each other will grow as we get better acquainted."

And so it did, and many were the happy hours the three children spent together. It was ever the delight of the two boys to do something to amuse and please their little pet, Alice.

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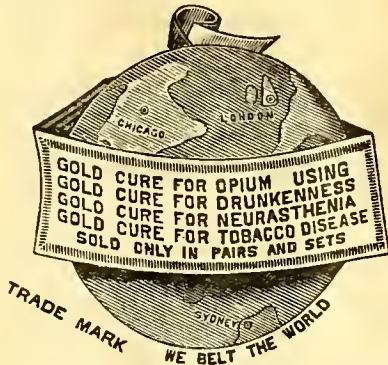
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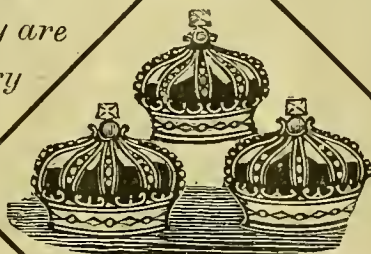
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